

Corn Riggs.

Allegretto

My Partie is a - lo - ver gay, His mind is ne - ver
 mud - dy; His breath is sweet - er than new' hay, His
 face is fair and red - ay. His shape's is hand - sonie
 mid - dle size, He's stately in his wawk - ing; The
 shining of his een sur -prise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawk - ing.

CORN RIGGS.

My PATIE is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his wawking:
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony kindly words he spak',
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lo'ed me best of ony:
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 Corn riggs are wondrous bonny !